THANKSGIVING FOR TWO.

It's we two, it's we two, it's we two for aye, All the world and we two, and heaven be our stay. It's we two, it's we two, while the world's away, Sitting by the golden sheaves on our wedding day.

There is not, in all New England, a prettier bit of country than is traversed by the Old Hill road, which leads from Starboro to Old Hill Town, lately shortened to Hillton. Starboro is a manufacturing town. It has grown, within a decade, to a population of many thousands. It has whirring mills, paved and crowded streets, the telegraph and telephone, mail-carriers, and the Old Hill road from the south side of the town, in almost the only direcpipes, and telephone wires, and horse-car lines, you turn back for last glimpses of its mills, whose red brick contrasts so well against the green of its elms; its gray-stone cottages, its multiplying steeples, its many bridges across the winding river. But the road winds, too, and the hills grow steeper, and the murmur of the river grows fainter beneath you as you ride on; though there is many an interval where broad, green meadows lie, many a stretch of level field and forest. Many a nook, too, where cozy old cottages nestle, with guardian oaks in front; many a wind-swept height or breezy plateau, where wide farm-houses stand four-square to strong, health-laden winds. Old Hill Townfor the inhabitants for the most part scorn the newer name and cling to the old, significant one-looks down with well-bred tolerance on its young neighbor town, with its bustle and its building, and its yet unclassified "society." Though, be it said, it does not scorn the increasing revenues its sons and daughters bring from these noisy factories, and the stores and shops they have called into being. It has itself taken on a new prosperity, and felt the quicker current of life therefrom, in its staid banks, and slow and sober markets.

And real estate in Old Hill Town has ad-

vanced many per cent. during these few years of Starboro's growth, though descending the ancestral lines, nowhere more closely kept than here, its farms are for the most part uncleft, its long-tilled acres follow their old-time divisions in all its lovely outlying districts. And within the dear old village the same white and yellow houses stand at the same angles, and are separated by the same distances along the wide. still streets. It was at the corner of one of the widest and

that on a mild sunny day in early November, a young man with a resolute, kind face, a clear, bright glance, and the lock as of one somewhat used to facing toil and difficulty, stood, tying a horse to the quaint stone post. His companion during the ride from Starboro, whom he had just assisted to alight from the carriage, stood by, waiting. He must have been more than thirty; she a little younger. She, too, despite her indication of womanly refinement, and the ladyhood that was patent from the tie of her bonnet to the tip of her boot, had the look and bearing of one who had made herown way, and that not an easy one.

"Are you sure you brought the key. George?" she asked as they turned into the wide, still grassy yard in front of a squarely built, strawcolored house, where quaint gables and ancient carvings proved that it had been built more than half acentury. For answer he unlocked the great front door.

"It isn't the key, but one I had. I don't know why Wylde doesn't send the keys. There's quite a bunch for inside and out. I must call and get them, and the deed, to-night." They had stepped now into the square, oldfashioned hall. Out of it opened heavily-paneled doors into large, many-windowed rooms, on the

"Isn't it old-fashioned and home-like and dear?" said the girl delightedly, as she paused on the threshold of one of the rooms. "Just as I knew it would be. I remember the outside, when I was a child. George, it seems too good to be true, that it should be yours-"

"Ours, you mean," he interpolated.
"Ours, then," she amended, flushing, "no, yours and going to be ours. Such a home as we couldn't get may be in a lifetime. Any house for a home to grow in would be a great deal to us, but this is so good! I can't make it real!"
"But it is," he answered, trying to speak lightly. "See these mantel-pieces of the old, dark marble; and the floors of solid bard wood all of them. We needn't have carpets everywhere. And the doors almost thick enough to stand a siege!"

"How well our bric-a-brac will look on these mantels! And I've some old curtains that will make such lovely draperies for these long, wide windows, and the window seats I'll cushion. And some old dimity that's just the thing for the gables. My dear old things will fit it beautifully and harmonize better than the finest

"This must be our dining-room. The sideboard is here already. Only you must put in some drawers beneath." "I'll take the measurements now," he answered," "but I want you to see this kitchen. Look out for dust, I'm going to open the brick

"Ah! this is the pleasantest room in the house, with its windows south and east. Here's where I'll sit down when dinner is ready, and it's time for you. How near the bank looks, and how very, very good it all is!"

And she sat down opposite him in the deep window-seat, while he rejoined: "Do you remember, dear, how, a year ago, you tried to cheer me, one day when things were more deeply, darkly blue than common? You said there would be a way. Our home would come to us, or we to it, in God's time, you

said, if we but worked, and waited, and hoped "I remember." she answered, smiling, and brushing the tears away. "And it was so, wasn't

"Yes, and it seems a good token to begin life with, Beth. Your simple faith, your instinct of faith, was so much truer, so much more nearly parallel with God's purpose for us than all my plans and calculations. I shall remember it." "What Thanksgivings we'll keep here, Beth!" he went on more gayly. "And when shall I be ordering the turkey for the first one? Turkey

Thanksgiving for two, and I mean to have that oven swept out and heated to cook our Thanksgiving dinner," she said, going nearer to inspect it again; and turning back quickly, she said more selemnly than she had before spoken:
"How much God is giving us, how much He is trusting us with! It can't be all for ourselves. we musn't let our home be all for ourselves; it must be His, and we will use it for Him and for His sad and lonely ones, too, as well as for ourselves and our friends."

Their's had been a long engagement. George Kinnard had been clerk in a large hardware store. Elizabeth During was teacher in one of the public schools. Neither had father or mother, brother or sister; but he had his father's debts to pay, and she had been bound in gratitude to aid out of her salary the aunt who had befriended her in her orphaned girlhood, till her young cousins could come forward as breadwingers in their turn. And when they were released from these obligations, lo! four years of their engagement had gone by, and the home they were planning for seemed as far off and as

Six months before the story opens, George had been appointed to a responsible and lucrative position in the Hill Town Bank, and a little later, another joy had come to them in the shape of this house, the legacy of his uncle, Enoch Kinnard. As they agreed, nothing more auspicions could have befallen them. Beth had the furniture that had belonged to her parents, both of whom were of Old Hill Town families. To this they had added bits of newer furnishing, and for months Beth had been preparing daintily hemmed bed linen. stores of snowy, glossy napery, scores of strong towels that it was fun to hem of evenings, long. soft, coarse dish-wipers, already bleached and softened, and the stout, knitted dishcloths that her fingers were aching to use. What tender thoughts, what hopes and dreams were in woven with the stitches! What memories of her childhood clustered around every one of her treasured pieces of manogany and cherry wood, her silver and china! And what memories would be making, by and by, in these old rooms! But the shadows were gathering now in the corners, and

reluctantly they turned to go. "Oh! there are some samples of cards in my pocket I meant to show you. We shall want to send our announcement and our 'at homes,' of course," he said, as they drove away. "But you can look at them now.

While Beth leaned back in the carriage and mused over wedding cards, he bethought himself of a letter he had taken from the office just before they started, and he drew it from his pocket and opened it. His exclamation roused

"What is it!" she asked, startled. He laid the letter in her hands, and she read only eight lines, formally worded; but they stated that the house and land supposed to have been held, without incumbrance, by the late Enoch Kinnard, and by him willed to his rephew. George Kinnard, was found to be heavily mortgaged; and the mortagee by foreclosure had taken the property, so that it was no one from placing dishes on the table, and it now in legal possession of said mortgagee, also gives a body to the table cloth. It is very

to order the turkey, George, and the mincemest can wait, and we needn't hurry about the moving. The turkey will have time to grow, and the pumpkins to ripen. Our Thanksgiving laugh, but Beth caught her breath in a sob in-

warmth of color from the sunshine; the while the white houses stood out plainly among the leafless trees; and the smoke from the great chimneys made straight and slender columns of gray in the cool, still air. The sunbeams peeped in curiously between the old shutters left yesterday ajar, of the house in the corner; playing upon the antique carvings of the wainscoting in hall and sitting-room, and lying in

broader bands upon the kitchen floor. Just across the wide clear square, this same sunlight lay in warm bars of scarlet and gold upon the delicate carpet of the breakfast-room in Judge During's stately home. The Judge and his wife, for there were only they two left there now, sat at breakfast. A fire cracked on a city charter. As you ride away from it over the hearth, and the glow from the flames played with the glancing sunbeams upon the gleaming to collee-urn, along the heavy gult frames of the a family portraits on the walls, and across the bindings of the books that filled the low cases on three sides of the room. Breakfast was always a cheerful meal there, indeed, most meals were cheerful. "It heartened one amazingly," one of their old friends said, just to sit at table there. The Judge himself was as enlivening as the crackling fire, with an intermittent glow and merriment not unlike its own. And the fair, rentle woman opposite him, with so serene and earnest a kindliness in her deep blue eyes, reminded you of nothing so much

as the sunlight she delighted in. a light step crossed the piazza, and straightway on the right of each plate place, the soup spoon with a brisk little knock to announce her com- and napkin also on the right, and before each a light step crossed the piazza, and straightway ing, a brisk little woman entered. "Ah! Miss Molly, what brings you out so

early? You look younger than ever, with your red cheeks and bright eyes. Perhaps that's what you set out for," began the Judge teas-But she paid little heed to him. "You'll excuse me, Mrs. During, for coming in upon you so, but I've found I can come for a

few days anyway if you want me. I expected to be busy over to Starboro till Thanksgiving time. I was doing some wedding things, but the wedding's put off; something happened at the last minute. "I'm very glad to get you, Miss Marvin," answered Mrs. During. "And I'm all ready, too, save some little things I can get the Judge to

"Yes, I came early on purpose," said the dressmaker. "You see," she went on confidentially, for the Judge had taken his newspaper and was apparently absorbed in its contents, "you see, I was at work for Elizabeth During over shadiest streets, just as you enter Hill Town. to Starboro. She's engaged to George Kinthat on a mild sunny day in early November, a nard; he's in Hill Town Bank now, and they was going to be married this Thanksgiving time, and a-coming out here to live. Enoch Kinnard, you know, George's unele, left him the old Stratton place on the corner here; and they was a-fixing up round and going to send their goods over this very day. They'd lotted on eating their Thanksgiving dinner there, had everything planned and all. And yesterday he had a letter. And it turns out the place don't belong to them after all, but to somebody else that's held a big mortgage on it!"

"How hard for them!" "Ain't it? Beth, she boards to her cousin's, Bashie Kerlis. Bashie's a particular friend of mine, has been since we was girls together. So I know all about it. I knew she'd been a-getting ready this long time, had her sheets done, and even her towls and dish-cloths made. And last night she came right round and told me, thinking of course I'd want to be working for

some one else. Beth's a real nice girl!" "She is a far-away cousin of ours, or of my husband's, though we knew her very little.' "She'd ha' been neighbor to ye, wouldn't she? And now I'm going right upstairs and open the sewin'-room blinds, and touch off the fire. No, you needn't send Martha, I kin do it."

The clock counted out eight silvery chimes from its carven case, and the Judge rose hastily. "I hold that mortgage, Amy, though I didn't know who it was thought he owned it. I would have given him a chance, though 'twould have been a poor one, really, for the place isn't worth more than the face of the mortgage."

Mrs. During looked up wistfully, and their eyes met. But neither spoke, and in a moment more he had gone. But she sighed, and her eyes had a soft cloud over their sunniness as she went upstairs to Miss Marvin. She was not surprised, however, to hear his key in the lock at lunch time. "I forgot your memorandum," was his excuse for this appearance. "Why didn't you "I'll go make it out now," volunteered Miss Marvin. "You won't be likely to go off without

your dinner and mine can wait a bit. I'll be back before you're through. "Amy," said the Judge, after she had left the room, and they were alone, "Arthur During, in my young days, helped me more than any other person. I shouldn't be where I am,

and what I am, but for him. And I never repaid him. I should like to turn the service over now to his daughter!" "Why not?" and her eyes were shining. "Well, for one thing, I couldn't buy that fine place at the Shore that we looked at, you know."

"Who cares for that! I don't, and I don't believe you do, either!" "The European trip might have to wait, though I don't think it. We wanted to join

Helen in the spring, you know." "That can wait, too, if need be. Helen won't come bome for two years yet." "And I was hoarding every stray dollar to endow Hill Town Institute. It needs to be put on

a sure and broader basis." "John," and there was a brave little thrill of decision in Mrs. During's voice, "you know I have favored the institute plan from the beginning. It will help so many of our young people to higher and broader lives. But I would certainly rather endow a home than a school." It had been a hard day in the school-room, a trying day at the bank. Beth was tired, George

depressed. So they sat very soberly and silently in Miss Kerlis's back parlor, while she nodded over her knitting in the dining-room beyond. Beth's work was not her treasured napery. hemmed by hand, nor towels, nor curtains, nor dainty draperies, nor bits of her modest trous-She had put all these away, and, bent on economy, yea, bound to it more than ever, she realized, was turning last winter's jacket for another year's service. Fortunately her resignation, though written, had not been handed in. There was a ring at the door and Miss Bashie roused herself, and went to get the evening mail

from the carrier. "Letters for you, Bethie," she said returning, and Beth opened one with idle curiosity. The other was thicker, and addressed, evidently, in the same hand.

George, looking up a moment later, saw her grow white, and sprang to her side. By that time she was laughing and crying hysterically. saying when she could speak: "It's our Thanksgiving given back to us!

You have gussed already the import of the letter. The legal document that accompanied it was a deed of gift conveying to Elizabeth During her "heirs and assigns forever." the estate known as the Stratton place, with all the appurtenances thereof. 'And Judge During's kind note accompanying it said it was but the payment of a long-standing debt of gratitude to her father. And so Miss Marvin was recalled and the wedding preparations went forward again more briskly and blithely because of the delay. And their joy seemed more really theirs, and a dearer and more wonderful possession, because of its seeming withdrawal, and its new

November is a frowning, fearful, tearful month, more capricious than April itself, and stern and forbidding where April is tenderly mild. Yet the sun rarely refuses to smile upon our New England feast-day. He, too, must look in upon the gathered groups that keep this barvest feast.

An so on this Thanksgiving day the sunlight fell in blessing through the many-paned windows of the old dining-room of the corner house, where two sat together for the first time at their own table. In other years, on other days, their friends should be bidden, this day seemed for

them alone in their thankfulness. And across the square it flooded the long room where Judge During's guests were gathered, resting tenderly on his silvery head and on her yet golden hair. An Indian summer peace seemed to shine in their faces, and their answering eyes were full of happy memories. And perhaps the sweetest thought of all that gladdened them was the remembrance that, through their bounty, in another home newly-founded to-day, was kept the dear New England Thanksgiving .- Olive E. Dana, in Good Housekeeping.

HOW TABLES SHOULD BE LAID.

Hints on How to Make the Breakfast, Dining and Supper Tables Look Neat.

New York Mail and Express. One of the most important duties in the household, and one which requires both good taste and great care, is the laying of the tables. In some homes this duty fails to the eldest daughter, and she has no easy task. The most sociable table is the round one, but some homes cannot have this and use the extension table. To set this tastefully it should first be covered with a cotton flannel cloth. This cloth prevents Judge During, of Hilton. Beth was first to | cheap, and should be made to just cover the table. For breakfast the best papery is fine white Well," she said, speaking hurriedly to shake | damask, and it should be used for all meals, the tremble out of her voice, "you won't have although colored napery is fashionable now. The cloth should be ironed, with one crease down the middle. No starch should be used, although a starched cloth is most economical. After laying the cloth, begin to set the table isn't for this year." And then they tried to from the center, placing there the breakfast cruet stand or a vase of flowers. The fruit should always be placed as a corner of the table The sun shone right radiantly next morning | at this meal. Next place the cup and saucer over Oid Hill. The red roofs gathered new | tray in front of the seat to be occupied by the | dinate quantity of bread.

mistress, covering it with a white napkin. On this should be arranged the cups and saucers, spoon-holders, slop basin, sugar bowl and cream pitcher. Place the cup at the left end of the tray and the coffee-pot and hot water and milk-pitchers at the right end. Next place the knives and forks, the glasses, napkins and salt-cellars on the table. To have the salt-cellars filled with fresh salt is very essential to having a nice table. The spoons, knives and forks, with which to serve the dishes, next fol-low, and then the carved-wood bread plate and knife. The butter-dish should be set in the most convenient place. Fruit should be served in a china dish, or low-sided basket. Lunch is the next meal. It should be the daintiest meal of the day. The table can be made look pretty by covering it with pretty colored cloth, with napkins to match, and pieces of china, glass and silver may be used, the latest fad being to have no two pieces alike. The supper table greatly resembles the lunch-table. At the tea-table any delicatelycolored napery may be used. The table should be daintily arranged with bright silver and shining glass. The dinner-table is the most imporcenter of the table on a mat set the fruit, flowers and bonbons-all in cut glass, silver or china dishes. Place the goblets about a span from the edge of the table, and around these place the as the sunlight she delighted in.

They were lingering over their coffee, when the Starboro stage stopped a moment at the gate, forks on the left and two knives plate place a small salt-cellar. No dishes should be placed on the table. On a small side-table should be an extra supply of spoons, knives, forks, finger-bowls, cracked ice, olives, sugar, cheese and celery. The carving should be done in the pantry. Everything but the wine is served to the left. The order of dinner is: Oysters, soup, fish, meat, game or entrees, salad dessert, crackers and cheese, fruit, candies and

Written for the Indianapolis Journal.

fish and salad.

Why Give Thanks? For food? Ah, yes, but sure for food The fading flower may thanks express. Since warmth of sun and earth's kind mood Impart each hour some lovliness.

coffee. Brown bread should be passed with the

A lily lifts its beauteous head In raiment such as kings may wear, But of its worth no lord has said "Its leaves enfold a jewel rare!"

A grateful heart will reason find For thanks to God through every hour:-For life, for soul, for thoughtful mind, For grace to bear, for conquering power.

The soul is more than richest hue: The mind exceeds a flowret's breath; Are not for flowers-they live for death!

Give thanks! But not for garments gay; Who clothes the grass will so clothe you— Give thanks for this, let come what may, Life, love and joy are still in view:-

The life which is and is to come; The love of God in hearts outpoured; The joy that greets a wand'rer home;—
A rescued soulto Heaven restored.

-Cartisle B. Holding. DETROIT, Mich.

THE SUFFRAGE MOVEMENT.

The Work of Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton

and Lucretia Mott. At a recent meeting of women Elizabeth Cady Stanton gave an interesting account of how she and Lucretia Mott started the woman-suffrage movement, and how the first convention was got

together in 1848.
"In 1840," said Mrs. Stanton. "the World's Anti-slavery Convention was called in London. and the societies of this country sent over several women as delegates. I was not a delegate but my husband was, and the trip to London was our wedding trip. The woman delegates were Lucretia Mott, Sarab Pugh, Abby Kimber, Elizabeth Neal (Gay), and Mary Grew, of Philadelphia, and Ann G. Phillips, Emily Winslow and Abby Southwick, of Boston. But we found there was a great deal of objection there to wom-

en being admitted as delegates. "It was something that had never been heard of in England-women as delegates, to sit as councilors, to vote in proceedings. So the whole of the first day was taken up in discussing the merits of the question. The objections were drawn chiefly from the Bible. At last it was decided that they could not enter the convention. but they were carefully concealed in some seats hidden by a curtain, just as you find the choirs in some of our churches. After listening to all the arguments (which were very insulting to women), as I walked home with Lucretia Mott I said: 'It seems to me high time to call a woman's convention. Here are men from all parts to discuss the rights of the negroes to freedom, and yet they have no idea of any rights of free-

dom for women." "Eight years after that Lucretia Mott and I recalled this conversation, and called a convention. We advertised in a country paper, occupying a space as long as your finger. We wrote a few letters to friends, and that was all the annonncement we gave. The next point was a declaration, and here we were at sea. Then a happy thought struck us-that our father's Declaration of Independence was exactly suited to our needs. We read it earefully over, and found that precisely the same grievances that our fathers had to complain of against old King George we had to complain of against our own

Saxon fathers. "In the resolutions I wanted to demand the right of suffrage then and there, but my husband and Lucretia Mott thought it would make the whole thing ridiculous. So I seemingly gave it up, but determined to push it in a resolution at the convention. But I did not know how to put two sentences together in public, and so when I got to the convention I cast about for some one to present my resolution. I saw Fred Douglass, and knew he was just the man. But he didn't speak fast enough for me nor say all I wanted said, and the first thing I knew I was on my feet defending the resolution, and in due time Douglass and I carried the whole convention, and the suffrage resolution was passed

unanimous'y. "Every newspaper from Maine to Louisiana published that resolution, and made comments ridiculing the whole thing. My good father, who was then in attendance upon the Supreme Court of New York State, rushed up to Seneca Falls to see if I was insane. If I hadn't had a remarkable constitution I think I should have gone to the insane asylum. I heard nothing but ridicule. Many women who had subscribed to the declaration in the enthusiasm of the moment hurried to withdraw their names. I never can describe to any one the humiliation I felt, especially as I knew I was right.

"Perhaps I might have subsided altogether, if it hadn't been that shortly after that I met Susan B. Anthony. We put our heads together and made an attack all along the line. We beseiged the Legislature every year, and whenever we saw a convention of men having a nice time we sent them resolutions demanding a recognition. I used to write the speeches and resolutions and Susan used to go down to the convention and fire them off. Ridicule was the chief weapon of the press. We were caricatured in all the papers until really the majority of people supposed women on the suffrage platform had horns and hoofs. But now how changed is

Francis Murphy's Great Work.

Francis Murphy celebrated, in Pittsburg, last night, the twelfth anniversary of his entrance upon the temperance platform. The grayhaired champion of cold water had the liveliest of welcomes. He made but a short address, on account of a cold with which he was suffering. Congratulatory letters and telegrams were read from Judge Noah Davis, the Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D. D., Canon Wilberforce and the Rev. Mr. Spurgeon, of England, and others. Since Mr. Murphy left England his distinguished correspondents state that his work has been faithfully executed by his converts, and in the last five yeers 6,960,000 signatures to pledges were obtained. Mr. Murphy had before personally obtained 7,000,000, making the sum total of 14,000,000 persons who attached themselves to his crusade. It is claimed, too, that 85 per cent. of this great multitude remained faithful to their vows of absolute abstinence.

An Unpleasant Predicament. New York Special.

The young men and women of Stapleton, Staten island, gave a private theatrical entertainment, Saturday evening. About three hundred guests were present from New York. The accommodations of the late trains were quite inadequate, and 150 persons were left shivering in the cold at the Stapleton railway station. The young women in the party became hysterical over their disagreeable position. Their escorts scurried around after carriages, hoping to catch the last ferry to New York. All the livery stables were shut. Eventually the young women were divided into blocks of five, placed under the care of the few chaperons who had been left too, and were quartered for the night at a men stayed up all night in the railway station. Others begged beds at private houses. The whole party got back to town on the earliest boat Sunday morning.

An Unequal Division.

Minneapolis Tribune. The Republicans carried one hundred counties in Kansas-the Democrats carried one. This is a mighty small allowance of whisky to an inorNATURAL GAS IN INDIANA.

Its Influence in the Increase of Population and Development of Manufactures. F. A. Carle's Indianapolis Letter in St. Paul Pioneer-

The rapid and extensive development of the natural-gas interest in Indiana is not thoroughly understood outside of the State. The first discoveries were made in country places, remote from towns or manufactures, where people were slow to take advantage of them. The section of Indiana lying on the Ohio border northeast of here, and adjacent to the natural gas district of that State, is about as primitive in its population and as backward in its development as anything in the Ohio river counties, and the march of discovery across this strip was slow. It was not until it reached the considerable and busy towns of Kokomo and Noblesville, almost due north of here, that the value of the natural-gas discovery was fully appreciated. From there eager search and investigation spread in every direction, north, south and west, until the precious fluid was found in abundant quantity within a few miles of Indianapolis, and the limits of the district definitely established. It embraces about 50,000 square miles, and extends from this city about sixty miles north, and from a little west of here a hundred miles or more east, until it merges with the Ohio gas fields about Findlay. Al-most anywhere within these limits natural gas may be obtained to almost unlimited quantities by boring less than a thousand feet, except when the necessary geological conditions bave been disturbed by the profound breaking up or shifting of strata. These apparently necessary conditions, as they are revealed and interpreted here, do not

afford much encouragement to the sanguine and

enterprising persons who have been boring for natural gas in the drift and underlying primitive strata on which St. Paul is built. The gas is found, I am told, very near the level of the sea and is always in contact with deep salt-water springs. Indeed, some of the Kentucky discoveries were made in boring for salt. It is usually about 900 feet from the surface and permeates the Trenton beds of lime rock which are found in varying thickness under all the district defined. This rock is honeycombed by the action of water holding corrosive acids in solution, and the gas which fills its cavities is thought to be the product of the chemical ac-Trenton beds are here overlaid by an immense thickness, 400 to 600 feet, of subcarboniferous slates and shales, which are absolutely impervious either to water or gas. It is only when these shales are broken up or tilted, permitting the escape of gas, laterally or directly upward, that the bore tails to bring a gush of the precious fluid. Wherever they remain in place they confine the gas below until an artincial opening gives it exit. Borers know now pretty well what to expect when they sink a well. They penetrate the surface drift, and then a few hundred feet of cretaceous limestone and soft shale, then the thick bed of hard older slate and shale spoken of; and then strike the Trenton limestone, and, if the gas hasn't got away by natural disturbance of conditions, they have it. Nearly all the wells in the district have the same history and the same conditions.

Surely this discovery is revolutionizing in-dustrial conditions and introducing new and valuable elements into the civilization of Indiana. Whether it is going to affect her political status as profoundly as some sanguine gentlemen believe remains to be seen. It has filled the counties north of here with new life, hope and energy. It has doubled the price of land and halved the cost of manufacture, benefiting the agriculturist and industrist alike. The towns in Hamilton, Howard, Madison and Delaware counties, where the possibilities of the new fuel were first realized and its advantages most effectively appropriated, have trebled in population and manufactured product, and more than trebled in vital energy. All sorts of small manufactures have sprung up in the little towns along the railroad lines in the gas district, and larger ones are under way. It is estimated that at least 10,000 has been added to the population of this district in a year by these influences.

It is only this summer that the city of Indianspolis itself has fully realized the advantages of the new fuel. Gas was discovered a year or more ago, within five or six miles of the city, on the banks of White river, but it is obtained from a dozen other places within easy piping distance. There was the usual struggle between aspiring monopoly and the public interest. Its history is too long to tell; but the city got the best of it by the formation of a people's gas trust, whose stock was placed in the hands of trustees and forbidden to be sold, and whose charter fixed the price of gas at one-half that of coal. Two other companies are in the field, and the actual price has been reduced by competition to one-third that of coal. The three companies have laid a net-work of pipes all over the city, and gas is now used as fuel in the whole business and manufacturing district and in most private houses. It runs every engine in the city, every steam-heating plant and nearly all the furnaces, stoves and grates. Modern improvements in imitative grate furniture in use here make the gas fire quite as attractive, and, indeed, scarcely to be distinguished from the old fireplace full of blazing logs, except by the greater heating power. The consequences are enormous and far reaching. Every citizen, from the millionaire manufacturer to the humble cottager, finds added to his income, his surplus or his comfort fund, twothirds of the money he formerly paid for fuel. Losing industries become lucrative, straggling enterprises are solidly established and those formerly profitable acquire a surplus for extension or betterment. The whole State looks forward to an era of good times, and Indianapolis, after fifteen years in the valley of commercial depression, begins to dream of another real estate boom.

Entertained the Butler.

Baltimore American. A story current in Washington last winter in regard to Lord Sackville was that on one occasion early in the season his trusted butler asked for a few days. Immediately upon his arrival there he drove to one of the leading hotels, and registered as Hon. Lionel Sackville West. An hour or two later a note was handed to him, in which the writer stated that although personally unacquainted with the British minister, they were desirous of extending to him the hospital ity of their house during his stay, and closed with an invitation that he would be their guest at dinner that evening. This invitation was accepted by the butler, who arrayed himself in full dress attire and actually attended the dinner, where throughout the evening he maintained his assumed character with such cleverness that neither his entertainer nor the guests asked in his honor ever suspected that he was other than just what he represented himself to be, the minister plenipotentiary from the court

of St. James. Thanksgiving Day. Thanksgiving day. Lift up your eyes, my dear, Your eyes so tender and so sunshine clear,

That now the heavy curling lashes sweep. Reveal to me the hopes that haply sleep Within their depths; the day so prized is near. Lift up your eyes, my darling, without fear

(Their silent message my quick heart will hear), And say if I with a new joy may keep Thanksgiving day.

What though the reaped fields are brown and sere. One glance can fill my world with happy cheer. O gracious eyes! O little hands that creep To mine! O harvest that my life shall reap! Ye make for me of all the whole round year Thanksgiving day.

-Carlotta Perry, in Harper's Bazar. No Failure of Natural-Gas Wells.

Muncie Times. It is a fair and the most reasonable thing in the world to conclude that if the wells in any particular locality in the present limited gas belt in Indiana should fail, that confidence would be shaken as to the permanency of natural gas everywhere in the field. So far not a well in the county has failed, and not one shows less strength than it did the day it was piped and anchored. Of the twenty-seven wells sunk in this county there has not been a single failure to find gas in abundance, and as one of the wells (our first one) was developed a little over two years since and has been supplying gas to its fullest capacity ever since, and to-day shows a little more force than the day it was anchored and tested, it is safe to say that, so far as human knowledge goes, the natural gas here is a permanent thing.

A "Clean Sweep" Not Probable.

St. Louis Globe-Democrat. A "clean sweep" in the federal offices after the Harrison administration comes into power is neither probable nor desirable. It is entirely safe to say that comparatively few Democratic office-holders of the purely subordinate class will be removed simply because they are Democrats. Under no other presidency since Jackson's have so many shiftless, ignorant and incompetent creatures been given positions in the government civil service as have been appointed to office during the Cleveland regime. There is an exceedingly cheerful prospect that most of these rascals will be turned out promptdeserted summer hotel. Some of the young ly and summarily when the Republicans re-

A Reasonable Voter.

"Neither I do. That's why I voted for him. Got tired o' seein' him bangin' 'round home."

Harper's Magazine. "Who'd you vote for for Congress, Colonel?" asked one citizen of another. "Jim." "Jim! Thought you didn't believe in Jim?"

A Point of Purity

Purity can not exist in anything coming from a disgusting source. "Ammonia" has its origin in an animal excrement; yet it is introduced for leavening purposes into Baking Powders, foisted upon the public as "absolutely pure." Suddenly break open a hot biscuit, and quickly smell the stifling odor of ammoniacal gas arising therefrom. This is an infallible test for the "absolutely pure" baking powders, the supplementary rising power of which resides in the harsh and caustic chemical "Ammonia."

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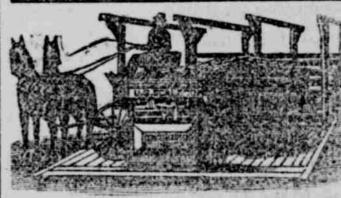
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THE SWEETEST AND MOST NUTRITIOUS

A RED HAT FOR NEW YORK. Rumor that Archbishop Corrigan Will Be Made Cardinal.

New York Star. News was received in New York yesterday that it is whispered in Rome that an American archbishop will be raised to the dignity of a cardinalate at the consistory to be held in Dacember. Concerning this report, the Catholic News of this city will say next Sunday that its representative in Rome declared a few weeks ago that, though such a rumor had become current, there was small probability of the appointment of a second cardinal for the United States, this being still considered a missionary country -although the great growth of the church therein impressed one with the idea that it ought to have larger representation in the Sacred College.

It is admitted, however, that the correspondent may not have understood the reasons that would justify the appointment of another cardinal. His statement, taken in connection with that of an English contemporary, would imply that if the red hat is to be forwarded to another American prelate, it will be destined for one whom the Holy See deems entitled to it by virtue of unusual circumstances that call for special distinction. That this may be the view entertained by the Roman authorities, the honor of prothonotary apostelis conferred so recently on Vicar-general Preston and that of domestic prelate on Vicar-general Donnelly seem to denote. These two appointments have set at rest many of the absurd stories, circulated from projudiced sources, that the policy of his Grace Archbishop Corrigan was not entirely approved of at Rome, and the presentation of the red hat to New York's Metropolitan would be but a fitting compliment to a most practical method of rewarding merit and suppressing

scandal. True, there are no honors, the News goes on to say, no higher distinction, that could more endear him to his flock. The testimony of his people's regard for him was given at the celebration of his silver jubilee, which his Holiness also signalized with a special indulgence. But there are millions of people outside the church who always hear the scandals and seldom the consoling sequences. A special indulgence has to them no interest, the announcement of minor honors no attraction. It takes an event of national importance to chain their attention and to demonstrate to them how fearlessly the church refuses to temporize with that which it considers subversive of law and morality. The age is growing liberal and enlightened. Protestants no longed see in the honor paid a

Catholic prelate any danger to American institutions. Ministers of every Christian denomination, with but very few exceptions, see in the scarlet robes of the cardinal an insignia of office that years of fruitful labor have earned -a tribute from his superiors to a colaborer in the field of Christian endeavor, not the emblem of anything that is foreign. The elevation of Archbishop Corrigan at this day would serve to illustrate this as an era of better feeling among all denominations-for all are Americans, and no matter what may be the religious destrines they subscribe to, or the version of the Sacred Book they read, the Constitution of these United States is a common political Bible and an heirloom as dear to one as to the other.

Wonders of the Human Body.

Publisher's Auxiliary. The skin contains more than 2,000,000 openings, which are the outlets of an equal number of sweat glands. The human, skeleton consists of more than 200 distinct bones. An amount of blood equal to the whole quantity of the body The full capacity of the lungs is about 320 cubic

haled at each breath in ordinary respiration. The stomach daily produces nine pounds of gastric juice for digestion of food; its capacity is about five pints. There are more than five hundred separate

muscles in the body, with an equal number of nerves and blood vessels. The weight of the heart is from eight to twelve ounces. It beats 100,000 times in twenty-four hours. Each perspiratory duct is one-fourth of an inch in length, of the whole about nine miles. The average man takes five and one-half pounds of food and drink each day, which amounts to one ton of solid and liquid nourishment annually. A man breathes eighteen times a minute and 3,000 cubic feet, or about 375 hogsheads of air every hour of his existence.

Cousins of the President-Elect.

A newspaper article recently stated that Mrs. William Sheets, who is now living in Philadelphia, and is eighty years old, was an adopted daughter of the first President William Henry Harrison. A son of Mrs. Sheets, Thomas Randolph Sheets, is in Chicago preparing a history of the Harrison, Randolph and Sheets families in order to straighten out the complicated relationship. He gave the story of his mother's connection with various celebrated families as follows: She was a Miss Mary Skipworth Randolph, daughter of Thomas Randolph, a first cousin of Edmund Randolph, who "penned" the Constitution. Singularly, one of her sons, Henry Harrison Sheets, has recently become possessor of, and now lives at, Gunston Hall, Va. where Edmund Randolph did his famous piece of work. When Miss Randolph's father fell at Tippecance, she was adopted, not by President Harrison but by Gen. James Dill. President Harrison was her uncle. She is consequently a cousin of the President-elect. She bears the further distinction of being the only living great-granddaughter of Gen. Arthur St.

Pocketsful of Dynamite. New York Special to Cincinnati Enquirer.

In further conversation, ex-Senator McDonald declared that it was the Dudley letter and the plan outlined in that letter which had carried Indiana for Har ... Colonel Dudley happened to be near by a the senator made this statement, and the Senator west on to say to him that he would be arrested as soon as he set foot in Indiana. "We intend to make an example of you," said the Sanator. "Well, I'll be there when you do it," was the reply. "My pockets are full of dynamite. I guess there will be some squealing in the Democratic pen before long." It is said that Col. R. J. Bright, ex-Auditor James H. Rice and other Democrats who were conversant with the Democratic canvass in Indiana are opposed to any prosecution of Colonel Dudley. Colonel Dick Bright was paired with Dudley on election day, and both remained here. Bright says he don't see why Dudley should be persecuted for doing successfully what the fellows on the other side tried to do but failed in carrying out.

Making the Most of His Opportunities.

New York Graphic. Mr. Harrison has gone away on a little bass fishing excursion. As he will have to considet some knotty points on the fishery question later on, he doubtless feels that opportunities for acquiring valuable information in advance should

not be neglected. Perhaps Gorman Did, Too.

Chicago Times. It is alleged that Eugene Higgins subscribed \$25 toward the Harrison inauguration fund. Higgins has it in for the mugwumps and is inches. About two-thirds of a pint of air is ingoing to take it out if it costs a limb